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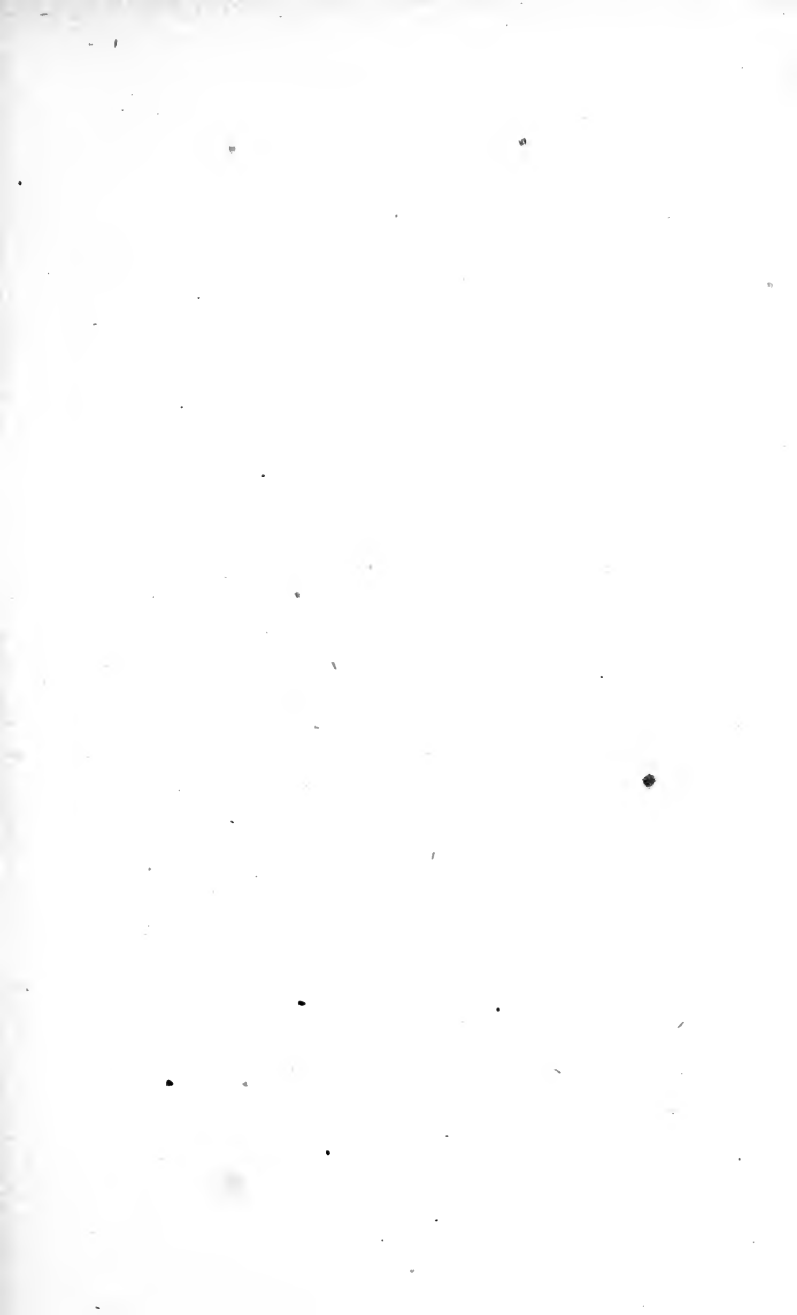
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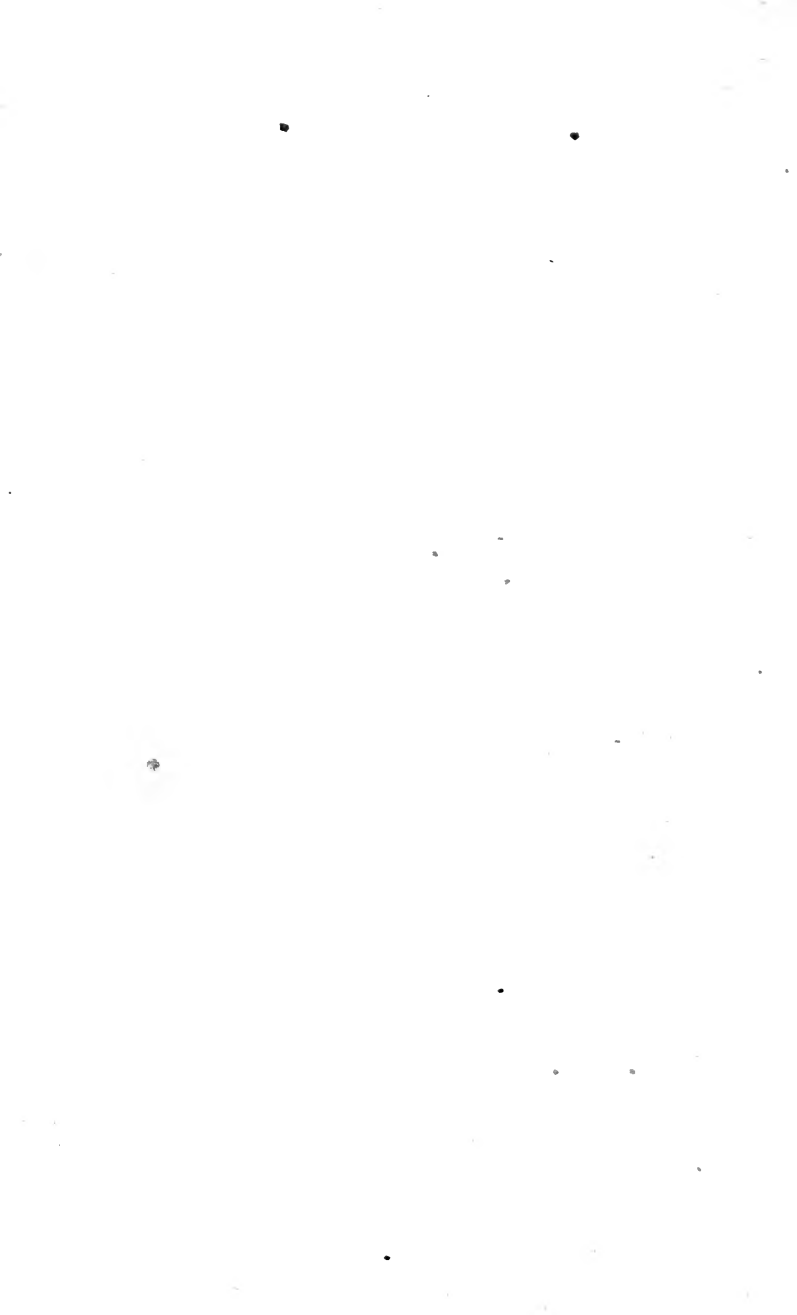
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POEMS

BY

H. LADD SPENCER.

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BOSTON:

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1850.

NEW YORK

WILLIAM WOODWARD

753
57455
1850

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TO MR. LADD
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TO
HON. DANIEL P. THOMPSON,
AUTHOR
OF
THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS, &C., &C.
THIS
VOLUME
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The Publishers of this volume think it may not be inappropriate for them to say that most of the poems which follow were written in the days of the author's earliest boyhood. The poem with which the collection commences, was composed in his twelfth year, and many of the others at a period little less remote.

Boston, March 20, 1850.

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The flowers are dead that bloomed in Spring,
The birds have flown the joyless vale,
And streams, once glad, are murmuring
A mournful tale.

When a few more years have passed away,
When a few more joys and griefs we 've known,
To us will come a solemn day—
Autumn, our own.

THE DESERTED DOMICIL.

It stands alone,
And sadly moan
The night-winds through the hall,
Where the ivy wreathes
And the adder breathes,
And the grey moss decks the wall.

It stands alone,
And voices gone
Are echoing there to night,—
And the early dead
Return and tread
Those halls in the pale moonlight.

It stands alone,
With moss o'ergrown,
And memories sad are there,—
The lamps are out,
And the merry shout
Dies, on the solemn air.

The long grass sighs
Sad symphonies
'Mong those emblems of decay—
It stands alone
Like a friendless one,
And soon 'twill pass away.

NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

'Tis midnight on those mountains gray—
The stars look from yon depths of blue,
And music sweet the night-winds play
Among those blossoms wet with dew,
But Thought flies back to other years,
And beautiful the Past appears.

Alone, yet *not* alone am I,—
The loved and lost are gathering near,
Forms that long since did droop and die,
In fancy, as of old appear,—
And well known voices whisper low,
Kind memories of long ago.

O! stay, ye blessed visions stay—

I would not that ye should depart,
Ye bear me to life's early day—

Sweet is your influence on my heart,
Linked is the Present with the Past—
Long may the bright illusion last.

A FAREWELL.

Oh, gently flow
Where violets blow,
Thou wild, enchanting river,
I've listened long
To thy sweet song,
But now farewell forever.

The purple bells
In mossy dells
In spring-time bloom, sweet river,
And on thy breast
With wavelets drest,
The sunbeams lightly quiver.

But by thy side
At eventide
As in days passed forever,
It may not be
To roam by thee,
My own, my mountain river.

Yet, gently flow
Where violets blow,
Thou wild, enchanting river,
'T is not for me
To dwell by thee,—
Farewell, farewell forever.

WE ROVED ALONG THE RIVER'S SHORE.

We roved along the river's shore,
And left our footprints in the sand,
And days departed pondered o'er,
As there we wandered hand in hand.

We gazed upon the waters bright
And dreamed more dreams than I may tell,
Of joys long lost in sorrow's night—
Of childhood haunts we loved so well.

We roved along the river's shore,
 Our cheeks by the cool breezes fanned—
 Our footprints there are seen no more—
 Our names are blotted from the sand.

Oh will the memory so depart,
 Of those unclouded days of yore?
 No! friendship's fire within the heart
 Will burn till life is o'er.

DIRGE.



In the cold silent grave
A youthful form is lying,
O'er her wild flowers sweetly wave,
And gentle winds are sighing.

A being fair and pure,
Of brighter regions telling,
Hath left this world unsure
For a more abiding dwelling.

And far, far above
This world of pain and sorrow,
In regions fraught with love,
Where grief comes not with the morrow.

In realms of endless light,
Where friends are parted never,
Where naught our hopes can blight,
She has gone to dwell forever.

'Tis well she passed away
While hope and love were blooming,
Ere she saw her joys decay,
Or clouds the future glooming.

We know she is happy now,
And will happy be forever,
That heart may feel the pangs of wo
Never, oh never.

A BALLAD.

Oh Jessie 'neath this willow tree
Let us repose awhile,
And with a song of olden time
The sunset hour beguile.

Lord Ronald's lofty castle stood
Beside the sparkling Rhine,
And with retainers brave and good
Lord Ronald quaffed his wine.

A bold and fearless knight was he,
And with the sword and lance,
He ne'er had yet an equal met
In all the wars of France.

Lord Ronald raised his cup on high,
The revellers held their breath,
And trembled as he said "I drink,
Defiance unto Death."

The wine was quaffed, Lord Ronald laughed
"In battle and in storm,
Thy power to me as naught hath been,
Now come in any form."

A chill passed o'er the revellers' hearts,
Their lips refused to speak,
A deathly pallor overspread
Each dark and hardened cheek.

But still they quaffed the ruby wine
And loud the beakers rung,
And many a song of olden time
Was by the revellers sung.

And lightly flew the hours away,
Till song and jest were o'er,
Till Ronald's voice so bold and gay
Was echoed there no more.

And when the beams of morning thro'
Lord Ronald's hall were shed,
All, all was silent there, for aye,
The revellers were dead.

FAREWELL THOU LAND OF DREAMS.

Farewell, farewell thou land of Dreams,
Where Youth and I together dwelt ;
 Could I, where flow those mystic streams
But feel once more as I have felt.
 Could I those wandering streams beside
But dream life's tranquil hours away ;
 Could I, at noon and eventide
Here roam, as in life's early day.

Farewell, farewell, thou land of Dreams,
The DREAMER sighs his last adieu :
Mountains and vales and murmuring streams,
Scenes which my early childhood knew,
Fond memory oft will turn to trace
The haunts of my unclouded hours ;
When this heart was Hope's dwelling place
And all Life's paths were strewed with flowers.

PASSING AWAY.



'T is sung by the bee
In the flowery dell,
'T is proclaimed by the deep toned
Sabbath bell.

'T is lisped by the pale leaves
When Autumn is gray,
Passing away,
Passing away.

The streams that flow
 Down, the mountains steep,
The flowers that blow
 In the valleys deep,

The birds that sing
 On the bloomy spray,
All tell us, that we are
 Passing away.

And the stars that beam
 In yon distant skies,
So sweet we dream,
 They are angel eyes,

And the clouds that over
 The mountains play,
Breathe sadly and softly
 Passing away.

And there are voices
 Low and still,
That do the heart's
 Wild throbbings quell;

For they whisper — “ye
 In a happier day,
May meet with those
 Who have passed away.”

ISABEL.

The night wind sigheth
Where Isabel lieth,
The willow droopeth
Above her head ;
And the rose-bush stoopeth
Where Isabel lieth,
As if to kiss her in her cold bed.

The tear drop falleth,
For memory calleth
The loved and cherished
To us again ;
But she hath perished, .
And low she lieth,
Far from this cold world's blight and pain.

GRANITE HILLS.

Farewell, farewell, ye Granite Hills,
That tower majestic proud and high,
Farewell, farewell, ye mountain rills,
That answer to the wind's low sigh ;
Farewell, ye skies so deep and blue,
Ye white clouds floating gaily there,
Farewell ye hearts so warm and true,
Whose friendship I am proud to share.

Farewell ye rivers deep and clear,
 Entranced I've watched your silver tide,
Farewell ye elms that proudly rear
 Your branches by the mountain side,
Farewell thou lake whose waters blue
 My fragile boat did safely bear,
Farewell ye hearts so warm and true
 Whose friendship I am proud to share.

Farewell, a last, a fond farewell,
 To hill and valley, rock, and grove,
I've loved you all, I've loved you well
 And ye have all repaid my love ;
Oft in my dreams may I review
 Those scenes so beautiful, so fair—
Farewell, ye hearts so warm and true,
 Whose friendship I am proud to share.

SONG OF THE DESOLATE

Low burns the lamp,
 Soon 't will expire,
Dim shadows are gathering near,
 The night air is damp,
 We have no fire,
What desolation is here.

Pale grows the cheek,
 Faintly the heart
Beats like a muffled drum,
 Vain 't were to speak
 Of the joys that depart,
Or the griefs that in legions come.

Faintly the blast
Through the casement sighs,
Like the voice of the early dead,
And the shadows cast
Before our eyes,
Like the pall o'er our bright hopes spread.

Oh, how have we lived,
And how have bled,
And how have suffered below,
And how have we grieved
O'er visions fled,
Yet doomed no solace to know.

Low burns the lamp,
Soon 't will expire,
Dim shadows are gathering near,
The night air is damp,
We have no fire,
What desolation is here.

A LAMENT.

The lamp of Life is growing dim,
The golden bowl is well nigh broken,
And soon, alas, too soon, each token
That might remind the world of him,
Will pass away, and he no more
Will tread with us this barren shore.

The eye that once so brightly shone,
Is sunken now and faded,
And the brow by dark locks shaded,
Is pale and cold, and far is flown,
The happy laugh, the cheerful smile,
That did long since our griefs beguile.

And we must quickly part with him,
Who shared with us our humble dwelling.
And with grief our hearts are swelling,
And our eyes with tears are dim,
For our hopes all centered were
In him, who leaves us to despair.

SONG.

Not a leaf on the tree, not a flower in the wildwood,
Where so often we roved in the glad days of childhood,
Not a bird on the bough that bends over the stream,
That danced in the spring 'neath the sun's mellow beam.

The leaves that were green when the summer was here,
'Neath the cold blast of autumn are withered and sere,
And the calm azure depths of the clear summer skies,
No more meets the gaze of our sorrowing eyes.

Not a leaf on the tree, not a flower in the vale,
How cold and how chill is the autumnal gale,
But we'll heed not the changes that follow so fast,
In our hearts the sweet summer forever will last.

MY MAIDEN AUNT.



My Maiden Aunt ! I speak of her
With reverence, for she
Is always gentle, always kind
Especially to me.

I will not tell her age, for that
Might cause her to forget
To welcome me when next I call—
Her name is Margaret.

She is—but I can never tell
Her virtues — she is one
Who prayeth well and worketh well
For all beneath the sun.

She is the friend of Sorrow's child,
The poor can but rejoice
Whene'er they hear the gentle tones
Of my aunt Margaret's voice.

She contribute her little mite
To send the gospel forth,
And prays that soon it may be taught
To every soul on earth.

But she is old ! (forgive me Aunt)
I do not mean to say
Her cheek hath lost its youthful bloom,
Or that her hair is gray.

For were her cheek a little pale,
Her hair as white as snow,
You know a *Maiden Aunt* would think
It wrong to *say* 't were so.

My Maiden Aunt! 't was she who o'er
My infant cradle bent,
And to each tone and motion vague
A graver meaning lent.

'T was she that wreathed my brow with flowers
That in the thicket sprung,
And bade me listen to the notes
The forest minstrels sung.

'T was she who taught me first to read,
From her I learned to pray,
'T was she that bade me ne'er to roam
In Error's paths away.

My Maiden Aunt! Heaven bless her heart
And strew her path with flowers,
THERE ARE FEW AUNTS LIKE MAIDEN AUNTS
IN THIS GREAT WORLD OF OURS.

AN EPISTLE.

In eighteen hundred forty-nine,
('T was near the dawn of 'fifty)
The Engine like a demon rushed
Down by our village thrifty.

There was a great commotion when
With shriek and roar and rattle
It darted swift as lightning by
The flying geese—and cattle.

The lawyer dropped his book and ran,
Forgetful of his case,
The doctor laid aside his pills,
And started on the chase.

The merchant left his customer,
And rushing to the door,
He gazed about as if he ne'er
Had seen the world before.

And our good parson as he mused
In quietness at home,
Lifted his voice, and cried "the day,
The judgement day has come."

There was a great commotion too
Among the children small,
They lifted up their voices in
One "simultaneous" squall.

Around the Depot gathered crowds
Of people, young and old,
And some appeared exceeding *hot*,
Although the day was *cold*.

* * * *

It was a glorious, glorious day
When the Engine came along,
And the wise ones of our village say
'T will be remembered long.

SONNET I.

Once did I wander o'er a mountain height
When Nature, Spring's sweet smiling aspect wore ;
And gazing down upon the vale before,
A scene all clothed in beauty met my sight
A gentle river there was glancing bright,
And o'er its banks the beech and willow hung,
And lightly in the breeze their branches swung,
Casting fantastic shadows by its side.
O, scene of beauty, I enraptured cried,
As yon bright stream may life's fleet moments glide ;
Passing so gently on its quiet way
Kissing the flowers that on its borders grow
Meeting new beauties in its onward flow
So may I pass life's calm unclouded day.

SONNET II.

The Spring hath come again—the glorious Spring,
And faery tones are floating on the breeze ;
Flowers in the vale their leaves are opening,
And crimson buds are swelling on the trees.
The sky is blue, and oh ! the sun's bright beams
To hill and vale a golden hue bestow
The river murmurs like a voice of dreams
As thro' the vale its crystal waters flow.
I love the Spring—I love those valleys green—
Those sweet wild flowers that in the forest grow ;
For beauty hovers o'er each rural scene
And many a charm to nature doth bestow ;
Year follows year ; still nature yields her store—
But life's sweet Spring returneth—nevermore.

SONNET III.

Ours was a lowly cot among the hills,
Where noise and tumult never yet were known,
With gray old moss the roof was all o'ergrown ;
And many a vine around the windows low,
In wild luxuriance was wont to grow ;
And violets blue—and golden daffodills
With their sweet breath, perfumed the mountain air,
Without one thought of future joy or care ,
Those summer hours departed—for to see
Earth clothed in beauty was a joy to me,
Beyond expression. Like the stream
That no obstruction meets—or like a dream
The days and years sped on. But change hath come,
Lonely I wander, far, oh, far from home.

A BENEDICTION.

God be with thee ! gentle being—

May thy path with flowers be spread ;

May He, who is all, all seeing,

Shower his blessings on thy head.

God be with thee ! lightly, lightly

May life's rosy hours depart,

May those eyes e'er beam as brightly,

E'er as gladly beat thy heart.

God be with thee ! may Hope ever
Shed her brightness round thy way ;
From the paths of Virtue, never
May thy footsteps idly stray.

God be with thee ! gentle being,
When the hour of death is come,
May He who is all, all seeing,
Take thee to his heavenly home.

THE DREAM OF LIFE IS OVER.



The dream of life is over !

Lay her down to rest,

Where the snow-white clover

May blossom on her breast.

We have loved her ever—

Our only hope and pride—

Alas, that death should sever

Our darling from our side.

The dream of life is over !

And all our tears are vain—

How could we choose but love her—

But wish her back again ?

The days are dark and lonely

That once were bright and fair,

For she—our hope—our only—

Hath left us to despair.

WHEN SUMMER'S HUES DEPART.

When Summer's hues depart,
And Autumn's days draw near,
Old memories thrill the heart
And faded forms appear.

The flowers,
The bowers,
The golden hours,
The hours that flew so lightly,
The eyes,
The dyes
Of sunset skies,
The hearts that beat so lightly,

When Summer's hues depart,
And Autumn's tints appear,
Old memories thrill the heart,
And wake affection's tear.

When solemn night descends
O'er silent vale and river,
When day with evening blends,
And Autumn's pale leaves quiver,
Then flee
To me,
The forms that we
So loved in days departed;
With jest
And song,
The happy throng
With which life's toils we started;
When Summer's hues depart,
And Autumn's days draw near,
Old memories thrill the heart,
And faded forms appear.

CANZONET.

Life to thee is dark and dreary,
Anguish reigns within thy breast ;
Thou art lonely, sad and weary,
Seekest thou a place of rest ?
A refuge is found,
Low in the ground,
For the heart by sorrow oppress'd.

Traveler, lonely and forsaken,
Yield thou not to fell despair ;
Prospects bright for thee awaken—
Heaven ! thy resting place is there.
Awhile wilt thou sleep
In the grave so deep,
But, waking, Heaven's bright glories share

SHADOWS.



Shadows on the ceiling,
 Shadows on the floor,
Shadows where no shadows were
 In the days of Yore.

Shadows in the window,
 Shadows in the hall,
Shadows where the sunbeams
 Used to brighten all.

Shadows on the river,
That so gaily flowed,
Sparkling in the sunbeams
By the winding road.

Shadows in the meadow,
Shadows in the vale,
Where the blue-eyed violet blooms,
And the lily pale.

Shadows, shadows everywhere,
That may ne'er depart,
But the deepest shadow lies
On the aching heart.

SIMILIES.

The winds sigh round the mountain height,
Where the snow is deep and white,
There, the violets, opening
Their bright petals, hailed the Spring,
Long ago.

There the birds their matins sung—
There the wild arbutus sprung—
There by shower and sunshine nursed,
Buds and blossoms opened first,
Long ago.

So, around this heart of mine
Childhood's dreams no longer twine,
And the hopes we fondly cherished,
Like those blossoms, faded, perished,
Long ago.

MUTABILITY.

The cherished ones of earth have passed

Away ; it is a fearful blow ;

And o'er our hearts a shade is cast,

Which few may ever know ;—

But all our sighs and tears are vain—

The lost may ne'er return again.

The hopes we nursed in early years

All withered, as the flowers

That 'neath the beams of May sprung up

Refreshed by April showers ;

But oh, to sigh for those were vain—

For childhood's hopes come not again.

Decay is traced on all we see ;
Where'er we turn our eyes,
The beautiful are fading,
As fade the sunset skies ;
We look for those loved forms in vain,
For blighted hopes bloom not again.

TO ———

—————

They who sow and they who reap,
 When the sun is shining bright,
Little think of those who keep
 Vigils o'er their fields at night.

Forms that have for ages slept
 In the grave so dark and cold,
Rise, when fades away the light,
 And their ghostly revels hold.

Winds thro' forest branches sighing,
 May not their sad tones repeat ;
And the faded leaves, low lying,
 Rustle not beneath their feet.

They who sow and they who reap,
 When the sun is shining bright,
Little think of those who keep
 Vigils, o'er their fields at night.

OH ! MEMORY CEASE AWHILE.

Oh ! Memory cease awhile,
Let the Past be all forgot ;
Recall nor frown nor smile,
And oh, remind us not
Of the bright hopes and dreams
We cherished long ago :
More bright the Past, more bitter seems
Our present care and wo.

Oh, Memory o'er the Past
We pray no longer brood,
Our spirits are downcast,
We long for solitude ;
Blot, blot each gentle look
That friendship ever wore ;
Close thy once treasured book
And let us read no more.

THE YEARS.

Oh, where will be the birds that sing,

When a hundred years are flown ?

The sweet flowers that are blossoming,

When a hundred years are gone ?

The happy child,

The spirit wild,

The silvery tone

Of some loved one,

Oh, where will be the spirit free

And the smiles of love that now we see,

When a hundred years are gone.

And who will know where we have dwelt,

When a hundred years have flown ?

What thrills of grief and joy we've felt,

When a hundred years are gone ?

Our smiles and tears,

Our hopes and fears,

Our hours of grief,

Of pleasure brief ;

Oh, who will note our smiles and tears,

Our joys and griefs, our hopes and fears,

When a hundred years are flown ?

Our graves will all forgotten be

When a hundred years are flown ;

No one will think of you or me,

When a hundred years are gone ;

And our bright dreams,

Like summer beams,

Will all decay

And pass away ;

And this gay world will busy be,

And give no thought to you or me,

When a hundred years are flown.

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.



Far far away from this world of Care

Where the heart may never joyless be ;

Where leaves are green and skies are fair

And life from sorrow is ever free,

Is a world of never ending bliss,

A world that with beauty forever teems ;

Oh, how unlike that world and this—

This world of Sorrow—that world of Dreams.

The living there with the faded meet,
And parted souls together stray :
And moments depart as shadows fleet,
In that world of love, far, far away ;
Along through deep and shadowy groves,
And by the side of murmuring streams,
At twilight dims, my spirit roves,
In that distant world, that world of Dreams.

And not alone, oh, not alone,
Congenial spirits are there with mine ;
Spirits long since from my presence gone,
To a world unknown to the blight of Time;
The faded cheek is rosy there,
And the dim eye bright as the summer beams,
And a youthful hue do all things wear,
In that world of Bliss, that world of Dreams..

Oh, when long cherished hopes depart,
And the joys of earth neglected lie ;

When sorrow's pangs invade the heart,
And loved ones fade, and droop, and die,
Away, away, to the world of Dreams
My stricken spirit for solace flies,
And 'mong those vales and murmuring streams,
Enjoys the sweets of Paradise.

“ And white hands in the distance,
And beckoning to the unknown country, far away.”

Flowers have faded in the valley—
Leaves have fallen from the tree ;
Birds that filled with song the woodland,
Now are singing o’er the sea.

Voices that were filled with gladness,
Now are silent all, and still ;
And teardrops of profoundest sadness,
Do the mourner’s eyelids fill.

Weep not—weep not—the departed
Look upon us from above ;
And are waiting to embrace us
In the Land of Light and Love.

SPRING.

The Spring is coming, coming, coming,

The Spring is coming again ;

The bee in the valley is humming, humming,

The sun shines warm thro' the window pane.

The buds are swelling, swelling, swelling,

The buds are swelling on every tree ;

And round our dwelling the birds are telling

How fair the leaves and flowers will be.

Spring is coming, coming, coming,

The snow is melting on the hill ;

Violets in the glen upspringing—

Adder-tongues beside the rill.

Sounds of gladness, gladness, gladness,

Now are echoing far and near ;

Dispelling every shade of sadness,

For the Queen of Spring is here.

WE ARE BROTHERS.



We are brothers—we are brothers—

To one goal our footsteps tend—

Then, as thro' life's paths we wander,

Let us be each other's friend.

What though tempests dark assail us?

What though rugged is our path?

Our brave hearts will never fail us,—

Heedless of the tempest's wrath.

We are brothers—we are brothers—
Wanderers in this world of care ;
Many, many are our sorrows,
Yet we never will despair.
We will hope and hope forever
For a brighter, sunnier day ;
When the clouds that round us gather,
All will melt and pass away.

We are brothers—we are brothers—
Pilgrim wanderers are we here ;
Let us then with words of gladness,
Strive our lonely path to cheer.
One bright star is ever shining,
In the sky, our pathway o'er ;
And that star knows no declining—
Hope's bright star beams evermore.

MARY.

It is a bitter winter night,
The sky is clear the stars are bright,
And ghastly in their silver light,
The stone that marks the holy place,
Where, Mary of the radiant face,
Sleeps quietly in Death's embrace.

Pale flowrets all about her bloomed,
And every wandering breeze perfumed,
When first we laid her down to rest,
And piled the earth upon her breast ;
But coldly now the north winds blow.
Over the deepening drifts of snow,
And sadder grow our hearts the while,
Unblest by her angelic smile.

The grave is deep ! calm is her sleep !
Why should we o'er her ashes weep ?
Off from her unsullied brow,
The raven hair has fallen now ;
Her cheek with dust is mingling, and
How pale and cold her lily hand !
Alas, alas that Death should tear
The loved one from our arms, and bear
Her to the grave to moulder there.

AN EXTRACT.



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Waterfall! majestic! proud!
Thundering as the tempest loud!
Shades from the unforgotten Past,
Through thy mists are fleeting fast.

The loved, the lost, the young, the gay:
Smiling as when they passed away—
The aged, and the sad and cold,
Mournful as in the days of old—
To memory dost thou recall,
Bright magic mirror! Waterfall!

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The shades that hover o'er the past
As I gaze on thee, aside are cast,
And the joyous light of departed years,
In thee, oh Waterfall, appears.

SLEIGHING SONG.

Away o'er the snow how swiftly we go,

Away o'er the snow go we ;

With the singing BELLES and the ringing BELLS,

Oh, winter's the time for me.

The stars shine bright in the upper air,

Where the white clouds wander slow,

But we look not above for the stars that are there,

The brightest are beaming below.

Away o'er the snow how swiftly we go,
 Away o'er the snow go we ;
No intruder is nigh with a curious eye,
 And the " old folks " cannot see
How we jest and sing while the sleigh bells ring,
 So merrily on the air ;
Then let us forget each sorrowing thought,
 And banish each shade of care.

THE SONG OF THE PRINTER.

The Printer bends o'er his case,
His brow is wrinkled with care ;
And his heart grows sick and his voice grows thick,
As he sings the Song of Despair.

Type ! type ! type !
Oh, happy am I to know,
My life is not a type of all
The lives men lead below.

From dawn till late at night,
I stand in this lonely room,
And columns I set but who will set
A column o'er my tomb?

Oh, little they think, who read
The papers day by day,
Of that which racks the Printer's frame,
And wastes his form away.

Type ! type ! type !
Oh, happy am I to know,
My life is not a type of all
The lives men lead below.

Oh ! for a walk in the fields !
Oh ! for a glance at the flowers !
Oh ! for the singing birds !
Oh ! for life's " happy hours ! "

Oh ! for the tones of love,
The voices soft and low,
That fell so sweetly on my ear
In th' days of long ago.

The Printer bent o'er his case,
His brow was wrinkled with care,
And his heart grew sick and his voice grew thick,
As he sung the Song of Despair.

ALONE.



Alone, alone,
 Unloved, unknown,
 I roamed the world till she was mine,
 Till she, the gentle Isabel, whose thoughts were all divine,
 Consented to be mine.

And then no more,
 I wandered o'er
 The world, for happiness I found
 In a sweet cot which high hills did surround,
 For there did love abound.

Alone, alone,
 Unloved, unknown,
 Praying for death—Life's cheerless path I tread,
 For she, the gentle Isabel, is sleeping with the Dead,
 Is sleeping with the Dead.

GRAZIELLA.

She dwelt beside the silver stream,
That murmurs through the dell ;
Her life was like a pleasant dream, □
That no harsh sounds dispel ;
Like the wild rose that buds and blooms
Some unknown path beside,
Or like the star that first illumines
The sky, at eventide.

She lived—she died—no solemn bell
Proclaimed her spirit free ;
But lonely is that silent dell,
And sorrow dwells with me,—
Like the wild rose that buds and blooms,
Some unknown path beside,
And fades, unseen by mortal eye,
So lived she, so she died.

WHEN I LEFT MY NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

When I left my native mountains,
 Fast the tears of sorrow fell ;
 For my cot among those mountains,
 Dearer was than tongue may tell.
 Murmuring brooks and sparkling fountains—
 Violets blooming in the dell—
 They my teachers—'mong those mountains
 Long I hoped in peace to dwell.

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" When I left my native mountains
 Not a tear of sorrow fell "
 Byron

When I left my native mountains,
Fancy left me—and the spell
Of the dreamy days of childhood,
Melted with the last farewell ;
Still I hear those brooks and fountains,
Murmuring in the shaded dell ;
Still among my native mountains,
I, in dreams delight to dwell.

TO *****

Basest of the human race—

Thou of the envenomed tongue !

Thou art like some nauseous weed,

Springing up fair flowers among.

Virtue flieth from thy path—

Beauty withers in thy sight,

Thou delightest, in thy wrath,

Innocence to crown with blight.

Keepest thou a record of

The hearts by thy vile slanders wrung?

Basest of the human race—

Thou of the envenomed tongue.

ELLA.

To one more fair than aught beside,
To one who soon will be a bride,
I fill this cup with ruby wine,
And thank the donor and the vine.

Farewell, farewell, oh Ella fair,
Farewell to thee and thine,

Weeping, I fill this goblet up,
Weeping, I quaff the wine.

I mind me of a pleasant day
That glided like a dream away,
When thou wert by my side, my love,
And vowed to be my bride, my love ;
 Farewell, farewell, oh Ella fair,
Farewell to thee and thine,
 Weeping I fill this goblet up,
Weeping, I quaff the wine,

Oh, falser than the winds that blow
When autumn's leaves are pale and low,
Are woman's vows and woman's heart,
But wine a solace may impart.
 Farewell, farewell oh Ella fair,
Farewell to thee and thine ;
 Dreaming, I fill this goblet up,
Dreaming, I quaff the wine.

ADELE.

There is grandeur in thy air,

Adele, Adele,

There are jewels in thy hair,

Adele ;

Golden bracelets on thy arms,

Adele, Adele,

Lovers whisper of thy charms,

Adele.

Dark as raven's wing, thy hair,

Adele, Adele,

And thy cheek is fresh and fair,

Adele ;

Graceful are thy motions, all,

Adele, Adele,

Light as fairy's, thy foot fall,

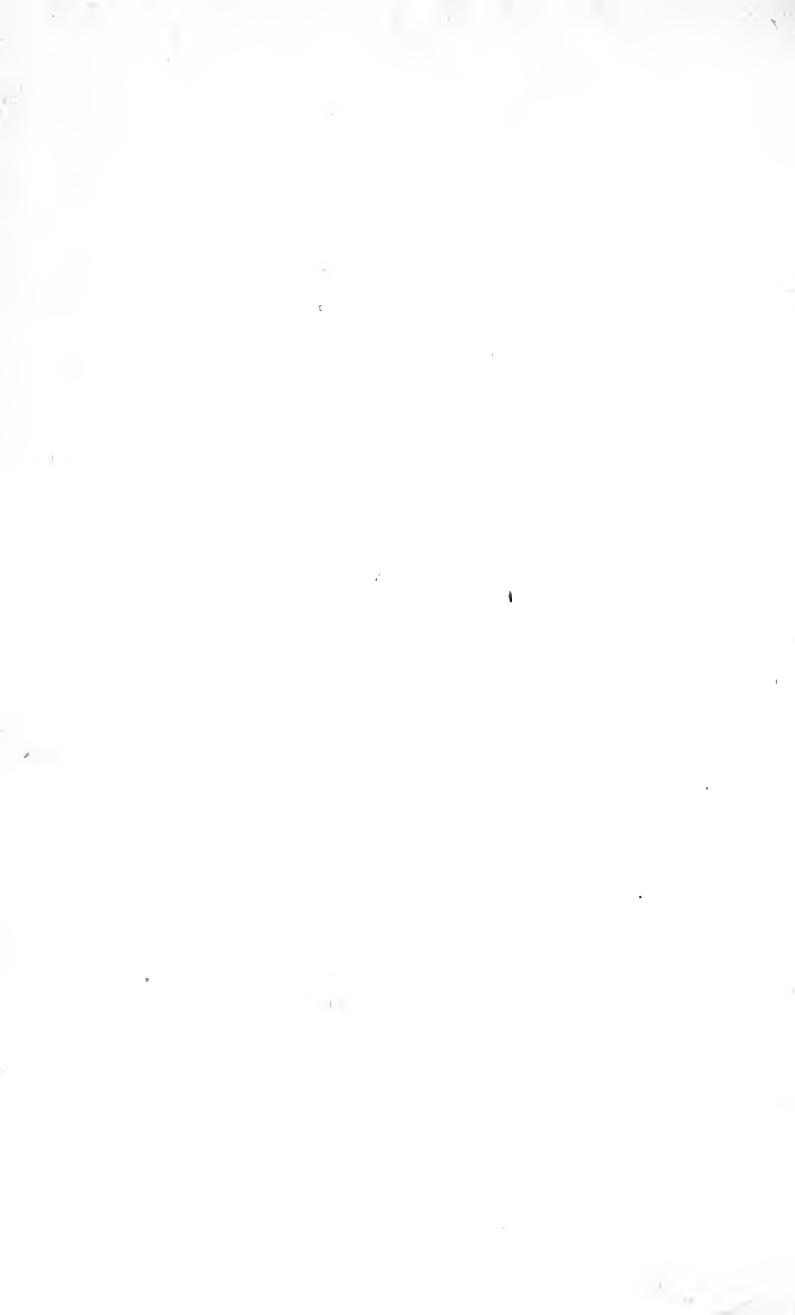
Adele.

Cupid launches many a dart

From thine eye, Adele,

But thine is not a woman's heart,

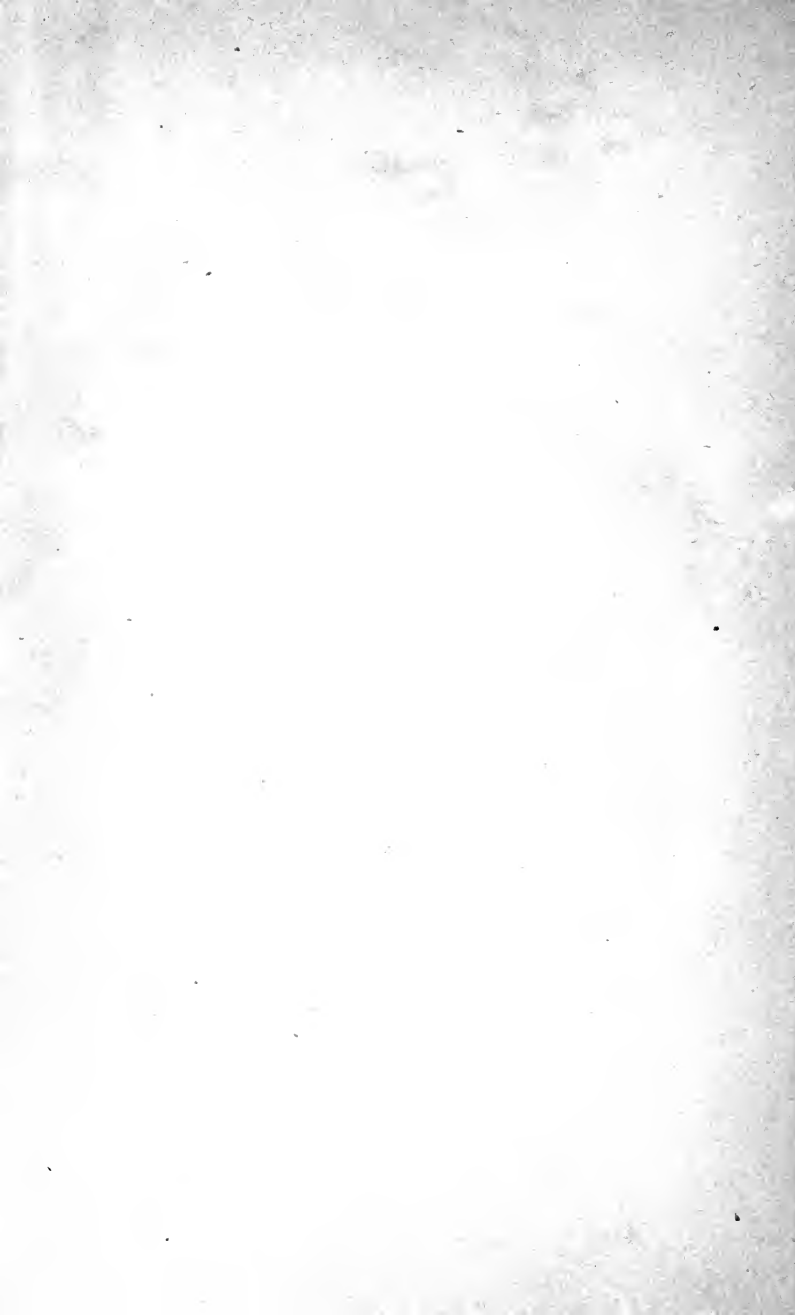
Adele.











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